

THE DOMESTIC POSTMAN.

The thing that gives a married man the trouble of his life
And makes him weak and weary and afraid to
Meet his wife,
Is really undertaking to deliver, without fail,
Her endless correspondence daily given him to
Mail.

In spite of all his efforts to remember her com-
mands,
Like tying knots in handkerchiefs, and strings
upon his hands,
In spite of solemn promises to do it right
away,
He never takes the letters from his pockets all
the day.

At night he brings them home again; uncon-
scious of his crime,
He takes her kiss he doesn't deserve, and at the
supper time,
When suddenly remembering the letters in his
coat,
A choky, strange sensation takes possession of
his throat.

His jaunty manner changes and his spirits have
a chill:
"What are you, Ducky Doodles," says his
wife; "are you ill?"
"O, no!" he gasps, and then to keep the dreaded
question back,
He adds: "O, say, I saw to-day the loveliest
Acadianauncheon."

It doesn't matter because his wife can read him
like a book:
"John! Have you mailed my letters?" comes
the question with a look
That bodes no pleasure for him if he hasn't in
distress.

He blushes, hems-a-haws awhile—then boldly
answers, "Yes!"
"John! you have not, I know it. (John is red-
der than a flame.)
"I sat up late to write it. I declare! It is a
shame."
Then rushing to the hat-rack to his overcoat
explains:
She finds her morning letter—and a lot she gave
before.

Poor John, with guilty features, tries his hard-
est to explain:
Caught in a lie he humbly vows he won't for-
get again.
But, all the same he does it, and in consequence
his life
Is filled with tribulations and a fear to meet
his wife.

—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

WATER LILIES.

BY T. FEATHER.

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"O! Effie, are you
going to the
picnic this
afternoon?"
said pretty Min-
nie Astor, as she
rushed into
her cousin's
room, flushed
with pleasur-
able excite-
ment, one fine
morning in Au-
gust.

"I don't think
I shall; I don't
know," she replied.
"I have nothing
fit to wear."

"For shame, Effie. Why, your poor
cousin here has only two dresses, and
you have such a lot—a whole wardrobe
full."

Effie shrugged her shoulders as she
glazed into the mirror with a discon-
tent expression on her face, and an-
swered: "Well, I have worn them un-
til I am tired of them."

"Surely you could wear one of your
dresses again," said Minnie.

"Perhaps I could; but don't bother
me. I hate to be bothered when I have
nothing to put on that I have not worn
before."

She glanced into the mirror again
with the same expression on her face,
and as she watched the masses of
wavy, light hair fall around her as she
brushed it, her countenance cleared.

She thought surely Charlie Emmot
could not think her cousin Minnie
prettier than herself. Then she turned
to Minnie.

"Yes, I will come this afternoon,"
she said.

Effie Stott certainly was a pretty
girl, or rather would have been if she
could have entirely rid herself of that
dissatisfied and selfish expression
which she habitually wore. She rare-
ly harbored any pleasant thoughts ex-
cept when she was trying to please one
or other of the sterner sex.

She did not improve her position with
the men by her undignified scowl.
They appeared to be fond of talking to
her to a certain extent, but she never
made any lasting impression, save to
cause them, on close acquaintance, to
fight shy of her.

Minnie, on the contrary, was a high-
spirited girl, with a laughing expres-
sion that seemed to indicate that she

had not a care in the world. She was
about two and twenty years of age, an
orphan, and she had resided ever since
she could remember anything in her
aunt's house. Unlike her cousin, she
was not wealthy, her total income be-
ing only sufficient to keep her from ab-
solute want. However, she was quite
contented with her lot, and did not
think it a very hard one, after all.

Everybody liked Minnie Astor, ex-
cept her girl acquaintances, many of
whom detested her, chiefly, it must be
admitted, because she was a general
favorite with the opposite sex. The
men liked her because she was so
natural in her manner, and they could
talk to her without being made aware
that they were too highly appreciated.
Proportionately was vouchsafed her by
her male friends her feminine acquain-
tances were the more jealous.

"What shall you wear, Minnie?" asked
Effie, presently. "Are you going to
wear your white or your gray dress? I
wouldn't wear my white if I were you."

"I think it will rain," inwardly she
hoped it would rain, and that Minnie
would wear her white dress, so that she
would appear to considerable disad-
vantage in her wet and bedraggled con-
dition.

Minnie's dresses were not numerous.
When she asked her cousin if she in-
tended to wear her white or her gray,
Effie had mentioned the only two
gowns she had to wear. The white one
had been washed goodness knew how
many times.

"I shall wear my white one, and some
flowers with it," Minnie said, turning to
go.

"Oh, Minnie, you might come and
help me to choose a dress for myself,"
called Effie, as her cousin was leaving.

"Certainly, Effie, with pleasure,"
And she wheeled about, and together
the girls began to inspect the ward-
robe.

"Why, Effie," said Minnie, "you have
heaps. Here is your fawn lace one.
How will that do?"

Effie turned up her nose even higher
than it was—a few words would have
supposed to be almost impossible without
turning it over her head altogether, as she
replied:

"No! I never shall. What wear one
I have worn at a dozen garden parties
this summer! Not if I know it."

"Oh, Effie, why you only wore it at
the Brown's fête and at the bazaar!"
"Well, everybody has seen it, haven't
they?"

"Nonsense. It looks beautiful, too."
"Isn't it wear it, anyhow?"
"Then there is this pale green."
"That won't do, either."

The inspection went on for some
time, and finally a sweet-looking plain
muslin was decided upon. Effie thought
that surely, in this dress, she would be
able to keep Charlie's attention all the
afternoon.

Two o'clock arrived and the picnic
party were all present at the rendez-
vous, with the exception of Minnie.
The girls voted for going straight
away, but the gentlemen were of an-
other opinion and refused to proceed
without her. This settled matters, and
presently Minnie came hurrying up
wearing her old white dress, and a
large straw hat, trimmed with white
ribbon and natural pink roses, and
carrying a pretty bunch of roses in her
belt. Flushed as she was with her
hurry, she looked the very pic-
ture of health and beauty. Jealous
eyes, even, could not refuse her the
palm.

Effie had, however, by this time se-
cured the attendance of Charlie Em-
mot, and did not notice the appearance
of Minnie at all. She was quite con-
tented with her own escort, and even
the latter's added charms were power-
less to make her jealous so long as his
attention was fixed upon her.

Charlie was a splendid specimen of
an Englishman. He was not what
anybody would exactly call handsome,
though he could not be called plain.
He stood five feet nine inches in height,
and had a distinguished appearance,
which could not fail to attract and
captivate. Moreover, he was the re-
puted possessor of a fortune in itself
sufficient to place him above the rice
of envy. Consequently he was sa-
tisfied with the society of anxious
maiden and avowed maidens. Min-
nie had seen some time before, and
he had been a little piqued by her
evident insensibility to his advantages.
It was a new experience to him, and
one calculated to increase, if she had
not known it, his growing love for her.
To-day he had determined that, come
what might, he would speak to her and
obtain an answer to an all-important
question.

On arrival at Winsford Towers the
party alighted, and luncheon was
served on the lawn in front of the ruin.
After lunch boating was proposed, and
Effie took Charlie that Charlie should be
the pilot, leaving Minnie to one of the
inexperienced, but by this means she thought
to secure her own ends. But woman
proposes and man disposes.

The whole of those present then
moved off to the boats except pretty
Nellie Lansdowne and Frank Gregory,
who had long been known to be num-
erous fathoms deep in love with each other.
They dropped out of the line very
quickly, and went to give their own
wood. How they spent their time
it boots not to inquire.

The afternoon was warm and sultry,
and the coolest place seemed to be on
the water. That once reached the boat
was rapidly filled. Effie had to be
helped into it by Charlie or she "would
never have dared to go to the lake at
all," she said. Minnie, on the other
hand, helped herself, and was seated in
the boat before anyone had the chance
to come to her aid.

The oars were got out and a shady
part was reached, and there, to the
ladies' delight, were some water lilies.
To please them the gentlemen were all
on the alert to obtain them. Effie, by a
crafty maneuver, gained possession not
only of those she had plucked for her-
self but of those which Charlie had
got for Minnie, whilst she was only
able to get a solitary one. Charlie
would have plucked some more, but
there were none in sight. Minnie,
though sorely disappointed, refused to
show that she cared, and laughingly
declared that she did not want any
more than she had.

Effie held her in her usual selfish
fashion and declined to part with a single
flower.

The boat floated upon the surface of
the lake for some time without the aid
of the oars, when they came to another
cluster of lilies. Minnie saw them
first, the others being too busy talking
or lying down in the boat to notice them.
She leaned over, and in her
attempt to pluck a fine specimen
overbalanced herself and fell into the
lake. All was confusion immediately.
Charlie alone retained his presence of
mind, and diving into the water minus
his coat and boots he endeavored to
rescue her.

This he found some difficulty in do-
ing. He struck out in Minnie's direc-
tion, but she had floated some little
distance away, and his first snatch at
her dress was futile. At last he man-
aged to seize firmly hold of it whilst the
boat was being brought toward them.

With some difficulty Minnie was
drawn on board, but Charlie swam to
land and leaving Minnie in the care of
the others he himself ran to a farmhouse
near and obtained a blanket in which
to wrap her, and requested the farm-
er's wife to get a bed ready for her.
Then he hurried back and reached her
just as she had returned to consoling
herself.

Quickly folding the blanket round
her, with the aid of Fred Lancaster,
another member of the party, carried
her to the house. Then, and not till
then, did Charlie think of himself. He
was offered a suit of corduroy which

belonged to the farmer's son, and he
quickly divested himself of his wet
garments and, encased in these, he re-
turned to his companions, when he
heard the news that Minnie was dan-
gerously ill and a doctor was sent for.
Little, fatty Dr. Davidson soon arrived
and attended to the girl. It was some
weeks, however, before she came round
sufficiently for Charlie to see her, and
he had several times been to the house
ere he was allowed that privilege.

When he was found her looking
pale and the ghost of her former self. She
had been allowed to get up for the first
time for a few hours. Though she was
flushed with excitement at the idea of
the interview, Charlie was unpleasantly
struck with the alteration that had
been made in her countenance by her
weeks of illness. He was about to
make an observation to that effect
when she interrupted him with: "Oh,
I am so glad you have come. I have
so wanted to thank you for saving my
life. I do not know how I can repay
the immense service you have done me."

"Shall I tell you?" asked Charlie, as
he reached her side.

She looked at him and replied un-
thinkingly: "Yes." Then she blushed
as she saw his earnest gaze. Her eyes
sought the floor whilst he took a seat
beside her, and holding one of her
hands in his, he said: "Give me your-
self."

"I thought it was Effie you preferred,"
she said.

"Effie! Why she is nothing but a
dressed-up doll. A fellow would tire
of her in a week. It was you that I
cared for all along, and if you do not
marry me I shall never marry at all."

Overcome by the awful fate which
might overtake him in the event of her
refusing, Minnie consented to become
his wife.

The shades of evening fell ere he left
her side, the time going rapidly as
these two confessed again and again
their love for each other. After this it
did not take Minnie long to recover
her health and strength, for there is
nothing like happiness for restoring
both.

In a few weeks the wedding
bells were ringing, and Effie, finding
she could not be bride, made up her
mind to be the next most important
personage, chief bridesmaid.

Her fate was not so happy as Minnie's,
for she had long determined to marry
for money and position. She did marry
for both, and obtained them through
an old peer, but she rapidly lost her
beauty, becoming every day sorer
and sorer, until in less than two years
she would have been voted an old
woman by those who did not know
that she was barely twenty-four.

Minnie and Charlie, happy in each
other's love, which now they shared
with a little heir, grew younger every
day, until they were almost
young enough to believe that they were
younger than when they were married.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A man finds himself seven years
older the day after his marriage.
—Bacon.

—"Bingley's collection of pictures—
did you ever see anything like it?"
"O, yes. Time was when I would eat
half a mince pie before going to bed."

—Inter Ocean.

—Teacher (who wants to illustrate
an act of kindness):—"If I had five
apples and gave them to some poor
child, what would I be doing?"
Tommy:—"Something you never done
before in your life."

—Young Doctor:—"Here I've had my
single out two weeks, and not a case
yet. I've been sitting here like pa-
dence on a monument. Friend—
"Never mind; you will eventually get
a chance to put the monuments on the
patients."—Philadelphia Record.

—"You don't mean to tell me," said
the young man to the scientist, "that
the aurora borealis is merely an elec-
trical display?" "Certainly." "Well,
well! I wonder if it isn't the exhaust
for some of the remarks that get into
our telephone?"—Washington Evening
Star.

—A Noble Aim.—Parker:—"Poor old
Brownley! He's become insane, I hear,
working at that telephone invention."
Barker:—"What was he trying to in-
vent?" Parker:—"A device for prevent-
ing people from calling you up when
you don't want to talk with them."—
Puck.

—It was Elsie's first night at the con-
cert, and she listened delightedly till,
as the applause which followed the
prima-donna's wonderful trills sub-
sided, she leaned over to her mother
and in a very audible whisper ex-
claimed: "O, mamma! Didn't that
lady sing her throat just lovely!"
—Brooklyn Life.

—A World Revenge.—He (haughtily):
—"I believe I am distinctly eligible
and your parents approve. Indeed,
were I not a gentleman I should say
that they seemed quite anxious." She
—"Yes, but I cannot alter my decision.
I want to get even with papa and
mamma for not buying me a box of
candy yesterday."—Truth.

—Generous Man.—First Business Man:
"I understand old Gripen left a lot of
money. Did he leave any of it for
charitable purposes?" Second Busi-
ness Man:—"Yes; left it all to his chil-
dren. They are all grown men." First
Business Man:—"But how is that char-
itable?" Second Business Man:—"Kept
some one else from taking care of it."
—Judge.

—Two Irishmen, recently arrived in
America, were traveling along a coun-
try road one cold morning, when as
they were passing a house their con-
versation was interrupted by the sud-
den appearance of several dogs. One
of the Irishmen, who had been in the
habit of indulging in the practice of
regional tropical South America, where
his leaves were used as a nerve stimu-
lant by the aborigines as they are now
by the whites. The annual production
of the leaves is estimated at thirty mil-
lion pounds, and is likely to increase
since the extensive employment in the
manure making, and in the extraction
of the alkaloid cocaine. It does well
in Ceylon so far.

—Mr. Bruce, of the Dundee Antarctic
whaling fleet, describes the whole of
the district south of 60 degrees south
latitude as strewn with icebergs, which
become very numerous south of 62 de-
grees. The bases of the bergs were col-
ored pale brown by marine organisms,
and other brown streaks were seen be-
yond the water level. No luminous
glow was observed. Clothed in mist
they raised their mighty snow-capped
shoulders to a stately height or shine
forth brilliantly in the sun. Although
they are of the purest white yet they
glow with color. The bergs exhibit
rich cobalt blue, and everywhere are
splashes of emerald green.

—Recent experiments made in Prussia
show that the temperature of the earth
increases on an average at the rate
of one degree for about sixty-two
feet in depth, but the rate of increase
is not the same in all cases.
For example, at Schladebach, where
the depth is 573.83 feet, the rate of
increase is one degree in 67.21 feet;
at Sonnewitz the hole is 3040.5 feet
deep, and the rate of increase one de-
gree in 93.82 feet; at Leith, 428.85
feet deep, the rate of increase is 63.92
feet; at Salsburg, 199.1 feet deep, the
rate of increase is one in 55.85 feet; and at Spennberg,
which is 4176.6 feet deep, the
rate of increase is one degree for 58.22
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over a stretch of swamp which is very
unlike the near approach to sev-
eral of our New Jersey coast towns.
There is a trifle more water and not so
much grass, but the ride into the city
is anything but a subject for a chapter
in romance. Out beyond this swamp
was another swamp which was a
little higher. It had been out of the
water longer, and had caught enough
of seaweed, sand, shells and sediment
to be fit for birds to nest on. There
was one island called the Rialto, which
was really quite secure, and around
it there was said to be about sev-
enty-five or eighty other islands
which to-day are occupied by the city
of Venice. Some of these were origi-
nally not islands at all. They were
mere high places in a great bog, which,
by the cutting of channels and by arti-
ficial means, were converted into more
or less fit places for the erection of
buildings.

Without consulting history one could
almost guess that such an unfavorable
spot as this was not selected as the site
for a city out of free choice; and, in-
deed, it was not. Venice was started
during the fifth and sixth centuries.
The inhabitants of Padua and a few
other cities of the Venetian coast, chased
by the Huns, the Goths and other
tribes of barbarians, took refuge here
in an Adriatic lagoon. The savages of
Asia had no boats, so that the settle-
ment was very safe, and, leading an
independent life, prospered here by
itself during the Middle Ages at a sur-
prisingly early date.

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"Did you ever stop and think," said
Meaning Mike, "but the worst of
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"Course I have," replied Plodding
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sistent as gayety and melancholy.—
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—Science when well digested is noth-
ing but good sense and reason.—Stap-
leus.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Among the products which science
has put to valuable service is the net-
tle, a weed which is now being culti-
vated in some parts of Europe, its fiber
proving useful for a variety of textile
fabrics. In Dresden a thread is pro-
duced from it so fine that a length of
sixty miles weighs only 2½ pounds.

—The various manufactures of flax,
hemp, jute and other vegetable fiber
imported during the month of Feb-
ruary were valued at \$1,402,288, com-
pared with \$2,228,505 for the same
month last year. For the eight months
ended with February the total impor-
tations amounted to \$13,333,323, against
\$19,103,979 for the corresponding period
last year.

—According to Meehan's Monthly,
the large majority of plants are scent-
less, and probably not one-tenth of the
hundred thousand flowering plants
known to botanists are odoriferous. Of
the fifty known species of the mignon-
ette family, only the one so highly
prized in our gardens is fragrant, and
only about a dozen of the one hundred
species of violet are scented. In many
large genera the scentless varieties
are as numerous as one.

—A report from the Belgian consul
at Noumea states that two-fifths of the
total area of New Caledonia contains
nickel, and one-tenth of this has been
conceded to mining companies, about
120 square miles being already worked.
The ore is said to contain 8 to 10 per
cent. nickel. The annual returns show
that 5,000 tons of nickel ore, 1,500 tons
of chrome iron, 700 tons cobalt and 210
tons auriferous copper were exported
during the past year.

—When the petals of the great auro-
magnolia are touched, however lightly,
the result is a brown spot, which
develops in a few hours. This fact is
taken advantage of by a lover, who
pulls a magnolia flower, and on one of
its pure white petals writes a motto or
message with a hard, sharp-pointed
pen. Then he sends the flower, the
young lady puts it in a vase of water
and in three or four hours the message
written on the leaf becomes visible
and remains so.

—Cattle breeding is a leading indus-
try in Honduras, the total value of cat-
tle in the republic being estimated at
over ten million dollars. The cattle
are of the long-horned Andalusian
race, the cows only yielding enough
milk to maintain their respective
calves, with very little surplus for
dairy purposes. Stock of improved
breeds are safely imported only as
calves, which become acclimated to
the "southern fever," so deadly to adult
animals. Prices for dairy products are
very high.

—Among the tropical productions in-
troduced into Ceylon from South Amer-
ica is the Erythroxylon coca. It is
chiefly indigenous to the elevated re-
gions of tropical South America, where
its leaves were used as a nerve stimu-
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FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—When you are hurried and a post-
age stamp will not stick, moisten it
and rub it on the flap of an envelope
and then quickly put it in its place.

—A woolen rag saturated with boiled
linseed oil is recommended for remov-
ing scratches from a highly polished
surface, which may afterward be var-
nished with shellac dissolved in alcoh-
hol.

—Parsnip Fritters.—Scrape, split and
boil till tender. Mash smooth and add
one beaten egg, one teaspoon of flour,
pepper and salt to taste, and mix for a
smooth batter. Fry in clear fat and
drain on brown paper. Serve hot.—
Housekeeper.

—An appetizing spring salad is made
from cucumbers, white onions and
green pepper. Chop the cucumbers,
and to each one of medium size add
a teaspoonful of chopped green pepper
with the seeds removed. Dress with
a French dressing. Serve with fish or
broiled beefsteak.

—Boned Leg of Mutton.—Have the
bone taken out of a nice fat leg of mutton.
Make a rich stuffing of bread
crumbs, yolks of hard-boiled eggs,
chopped fine, a little chopped onion,
butter, a little sage, sweet marjoram,
black pepper and salt. Fill the leg
with this forcement and bake, basting
often.—Boston Budget.

—A Good Dessert.—Soak one-half
teaspoon of tapioca in warm water until
clear. Place in a saucepan with one
and one-half pints of water, one-half
cup sugar and scant cup of washed
raisins. Cook until raisins are soft.
When cool add one-half teaspoonful
lemon essence. Especially good eaten
with cream.—Prairie Farmer.

—Biscuits.—For thin biscuits take
half a pound of flour and the yolk of one
egg. Beat the egg and add it to the
flour, then pour in sufficient milk to
make a very stiff paste. Beat this
well and then knead it. Roll out the
paste as thin as possible, then cut it
into nice sized biscuits. Bake them
for about twenty minutes in a slow
oven.

—Chocolate Pudding.—One pint of
milk, one ounce of butter, one ounce
half-cupful of sugar, the yolks of three
eggs, five tablespoonsful of grated
chocolate. Scald the milk, add the
butter, cream and chocolate. Take
from the fire, add the sugar and beaten
eggs. Put in a pudding dish and bake
fifteen minutes. Beat the whites with
a tablespoonful of sugar, salt and
cream, and fold in. Serve cold.—
Good Housekeeping.

—To Bake Cabbage.—Cook a cabbage
perfectly done in salted water. Take
it up with a skimmer, so as to drain
out the water as much as possible. Put
it into a dish, cut it up fine, season to
your taste with butter and pepper,
adding a little more salt if necessary.
Then add a cup of rich sweet milk.
Less, if the cabbage is small. Put the
whole in a baking dish and cover the
top for a quarter of an inch with rolled
crackers or fine bread crumbs, on which
you put minute pieces of butter here
and there. As soon as it browns it is
done. Serve in the same dish. This
is the most delicious way cabbage was
ever cooked. The rolled crackers are
put over it to absorb the moisture.

FLUFFY TRESSES REIGN.
This necessitates fortnightly shampoos
and eternal vigilance.

For the nonce fluffy tresses are the
style.</